

WOMAN LIES OF STARVATION AT HUSBAND'S SIDE

Homeless, She Breathes Her Last in a Vacant Lot in Harlem While He Holds Her in His Arms, Thinking that She Is Merely Sleeping.

TOO PROUD TO BEG, SHE WORKED TO THE LAST.

Husband Tells the Police a Piti-ful Story of Their Struggle and Says His Wife Came of a Good Family, but Won't Tell Maiden Name.

Too proud to beg and too weak longer to work, a young woman was found dead in the arms of her husband in the vacant lot at One Hundred and Thirty-third street and Broadway early to-day. Thin to emaciation, she yet showed traces of rare beauty, and despite the fact that for over a year she has done little save menial work, her hands were soft and well formed.

Little is known of the young woman's past, other than what was told by the husband, himself on the verge of starvation, to the police. He refused to reveal the maiden name of his wife although urged to do so by the police in order that the dead woman's relatives might provide her with suitable burial.

Policeman Austin, of the West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street station, was passing the lot at dawn when his attention was attracted by moans coming from behind the high fence which surrounds the vacant property. Soaring the fence, the policeman saw in the dim night the figure of a man leaning wearily against the fence and holding in his arms the form of a young woman.

Austin asked the man what he was doing there at such an hour.

"My wife is very ill," he said, "starving to death, I fear," he added.

Found Her Dead.

The policeman needed but another glance to satisfy himself that the woman was either dead or dying, and he hastened to summon an ambulance. Dr. Fahnstok, of the J. H. Wright hospital, responded. He bent over the woman for a moment and then said:

"She is dead—dead from starvation."

The man who held the form of the dead began to weep. He kissed the cold forehead again, and again, and when the policeman and the surgeon urged him to accompany them, he gave no heed.

Finally they forced him to arise, and in the ambulance the body of the woman and the fainting form of the man were carried to the police station. There food and drink were given to the man. He ate slowly at first, as one without the strength to convey the food to his lips, but finally he revived, and ate ravenously. Then he told his story—as much as he would tell.

"My name is John Brown. Lizzie and I were married six years ago when she was a beautiful girl of twenty-two years. Her father was a well-to-do liquor dealer. I prefer not to give his name. He did not approve of the match, and there has been an estrangement ever since."

"At first we had our own little home, but I was unfortunate and lost that."

"I got permission to live in a old stable at the top of the hill at One Hundred and Thirty-third street, near Twelfth avenue, and there we had made our home. When possible I worked along the river doing odd jobs, but everything seemed to be against me. Lizzie, unused to hard work, would go out looking for employment. Frequently she would get a servant's position for a few days, but it seldom lasted longer, for the privations had made her frail, and she would come back to me, and we would live on as best we could."

"Her cough in the old barn was bad; her food such as we could gather, or I could buy. Time and time again I begged her to return to her people, but her answer was always the same: 'No, John, a wife's place is with her husband.'"

"Thus we lived on. Yesterday Lizzie, complaining of feeling ill, went out in search of work, and I laid her on her bed of hay, and watched over her until she revived. Then she said, 'I take you out into the air' and so I took her to where we were found by the policeman. I did not know she was dead. I was half-fainting myself, and thought she was sleeping."

The police learned that the dead woman's name before her marriage was Elizabeth O'Leary, and that her father had once been a prosperous liquor dealer. His place of business was somewhere in the lower part of the city. A few years ago he failed, and little has been heard of him since. Brown was in search of his father-in-law, but he has not been found. He said that if his wife could see if her father-in-law was given proper burial. The body was placed in the city morgue, and if Brown's efforts are fruitless the burial will be in Potter's Field.

WOMAN WHO STARVED TO DEATH IN A VACANT LOT RATHER THAN ASK FAMILY FOR ASSISTANCE.



POPE HOPES TO LIVE SOME DAYS. HE SAYS.

(Continued from First Page.)

that the intervals between the spells of stupor were growing more and more rare.

The depression of the Pontiff's forces continues. He made no progress during the night and is literally dying by inches. The degeneration of nature is making rapid progress, induced chiefly by uric acid and other poisons which are no longer eliminated by the natural functions.

CANNOT FORETELL HOUR.

Dr. Mazzoni says that death will probably result from cardiac paralysis or cerebral anæmia, but at what hour the end will come cannot be judged. The body will not long survive when once the Pontiff's indomitable will succumbs. Yet he still takes interest in the world.

Expecting that the Pontiff might breathe his last at any moment, the full force of the Papal Guard was on duty throughout the night. In the great square of St. Peter's the thousands stood praying all through the night, awaiting the tolling of the bell which will announce the Pontiff's death.

Mgr. O'Connell, rector of the Catholic University at Washington, has been received in private audience by Cardinal Rampolla, who took a great interest in the present situation of the university and its future. Mgr. O'Connell told the Cardinal he was sure he voiced the feeling of the whole American people when he declared that all were hoping for the preservation of the Pontiff's life.

WASHINGTON, July 15.—The following cablegram from Count Rampolla was received this morning by Mgr. Falconio, the Papal Delegate:

"Holy Father has passed a fairly tranquil night. His condition remains unchanged."

B-Z-Z-T HERE YOU ELEVEN TROTTER ARE IN BUFFALO. RACES TO-MORROW

Just a Detail of a Hundred Miles an Hour if You Travel Over the Compressed Air Line Mr. Brodbeck Wants to Build.

Propelled by compressed air and traveling at the rate of 100 miles an hour, trains may soon be darting from New York City to Buffalo—if the plans of Dr. A. Brodbeck, of Salt Lake City, meet his expectations.

He has obtained articles of incorporation for his New York-Buffalo Air Car line, and the city has agreed to be the scene of his first practical venture. Dr. Brodbeck is said to be an old-time resident of Salt Lake City and wealthy. He has acquired the patent rights on a highly improved air motor which is declared to be equal if not superior to the electric power service methods.

Just what this mysterious plan of locomotion comprises beyond the fact that it is a new form of applied air pressure is not known in the East.

Unostentatiously, Dr. Brodbeck has incorporated his railway. Writing from Salt Lake City to Messrs. Dill & Baldwin, of New York and East Orange, N. J., Dr. Brodbeck requested that articles of incorporation be filed. He briefly stated in his letter that his project was an air pressure mode of propulsion, and that he desired in some future time to operate an air line from New York City to Buffalo.

The matter was turned over to the East Orange branch of the Dill & Baldwin law firm, which has its New York offices at No. 27 and 29 Pine street. Yesterday the articles of incorporation were filed in the office of the Clerk of Essex County in Newark. The charter gives the company the right to construct an air line from Manhattan to Buffalo. The cars will run on the usual steel rails. Three clerks from the East Orange office of Dill and Baldwin are technically directors of the projected enterprise.

Three names had to accompany the application, as required by law. James B. Dill, senior member of the law firm, stated to-day to an Evening World reporter that the enterprise and its success did not know that his East Orange office was in possession of the case until his manager, Mr. Hutchinson, made inquiries over the phone.

The Commissioner said he had considered the laying of salt water mains near the water front as additional safeguard against fire, but this would involve an expenditure of from one to two millions of dollars.

In Long Island City, the Commissioner declared the city receives from the Citizens' Water Supply Company a million gallons of water daily at a high price. He said that the laying of a main there would increase the supply and afford better distribution, and encourage the use of water.

"It is the spirit and aim of the city to depend upon no private concern for any portion of its water supply," said Comptroller Grout, "and the Citizens' Water Company can be purchased with advantage to the city negotiations will be opened."

The Commissioner Monroe was instructed to draw plans of the new company and procure estimates of cost, to be submitted to the next meeting of the Board. The Board expressed its willingness to approve the Commissioner's application.

Shipping News.

ALMANAC FOR TO-DAY.
Sun rises, 4:41; Sun sets, 7:30; Moon rises, 10:25; High Water, Low Water, 4:50, 5:00.

PORT OF NEW YORK.
ARRIVED.
Camecho, Georgetown, Georgetown, Demara.
Domebrook, Demara.

INCOMING STEAMSHIPS.
Majestic, Liverpool, Amsterdam, Rotterdam.
Sailed TO-DAY.
Philadelphia, Southampton, Genoa, New Orleans.
Germania, Liverpool, Jamaica, Norfolk.
Nordland, Rotterdam, New York, Turin, Island, Kila, Charleston, Ecuador, Rio de Janeiro.

OUTGOING STEAMSHIPS.
Philadelphia, Southampton, Genoa, New Orleans.
Germania, Liverpool, Jamaica, Norfolk.
Nordland, Rotterdam, New York, Turin, Island, Kila, Charleston, Ecuador, Rio de Janeiro.

NOT SO DESPERATE A CASE.
(From the Baltimore News.)
The harmless fellow in Cell to best a gentle tattoo against the wall of his cage and chanted softly:

"Theodosia, Levidis, Lombardos, Colopoulas, Sophonoulas, Simopolis, Grivas, Theodosia, Levidis."

"Poor fellow," murmured the visitor, "another victim of the grasping corporations. I suppose."

"I suppose," replied the attendant, "he is merely a faithful newspaper reader who has just learned the names of the new Greek Cabinet."

"Well, I'm daunted!" exclaimed the visitor; "I thought he was the fellow that names sleeping cars!"

SHE LOOKED AT MISS RING'S FEET

This, Says Stella Hammerstein, Daughter of Oscar, Caused a Big Row in the "Blonde in Black" Company.

PUT HER OUT, SAID BLANCHE.

Then with All Her Hammerstein Blood Aroused, the Young Actress Paid Her Respects to Max Freeman, but She Had Left Company

"My four weeks' engagement in the 'Blonde in Black' company," said Miss Stella Hammerstein to-day, "was a temporary one, so that when, at the instigation of Miss Blanche Ring, I was dismissed on Saturday night, I was not in the least surprised. It was a fitting climax to the stirring scenes in which Miss Ring and I had the centre of the stage ever since I got a good hand for my little piece in the Cynthia chorus."

"Why, do you know, that ever since that night when the flutter of applause came my way, Miss Ring has done her best to squelch me. At every chance she got she stood in front of me, endeavoring to do her utmost to screen me from the audience."

"Of course, as I am not dependent entirely upon the slender wages I earn, I would not submit to repeated indignities, and barked. Every bark meant a fine, but the Hammerstein spirit was up and I was not going to be sat on."

Looked at Miss Ring's Feet.

"On Saturday night, during the first act, I unconsciously looked at Miss Ring's feet. A terrible, though not a difficult thing to do, I admit. It is strange how inadvertent glances in the direction of one's understanding enrages some people."

"Miss Ring actually became white and blue with fury. She chewed her lips until I feared for her make up. When I saw her unusual nervousness I at once raised my eyes, but in no way allayed her anger. As soon as we got to the wings she went for me."

"How dare you look at my feet?" she said in a voice that shook with rage. I have stood all I intend to at your hands. You needn't think you can make fun of me."

"The shock of her accusation nearly took me off my feet. I told her calmly and with my best intentions. I might have hinted that there were other more agreeable perspectives behind the footlights. My docile reply, however, only raised Miss Ring higher above the boards. She fairly went up in the air and as she fluttered down she called into my plain and called upon Max Freeman to champion her cause."

Replied to Max Freeman.

"He started to say something, but I turned on him and gave him the greatest dressing down he ever received at the hands of a humble maid with a few lines. I had been waiting my chance. I called him little; I called him small; I accused him of toadying to Miss Ring. I told him that there was about as much difference between him and a real stage manager as there was between Miss Ring and a real actress, and all the time the chorus was urging me on with volleys after volleys of 'Bravos!'"

"Mr. Freeman actually turned green after he had turned white and red and said: 'Put her out—put her out!'"

"I covered enough energy to say: 'Get out! Get out! I want you to get out.' That was all. But Miss Ring had said anything more I think I would have thrown something at him, I was so angry."

"Now, how could any one accuse Miss Ring of being an artist and stooping to such petty displays of temper? An artist would have quietly called her stage manager and requested him to remove me. But Miss Ring had said anything more I think I would have thrown something at him, I was so angry."

"I have an engagement with 'The Runaways' beginning next Monday. I will be in the city, and I know that there will be no one as nice as my new role, as no one has any trouble with her. It is a pity that I have to leave like that. Max Freeman that one runs amok."

Oscar Hammerstein, when asked if he had anything to say about his daughter's dismissal from "The Blonde in Black," said: "I know nothing about it. My daughter is of age and can take care of herself. I guess she has plenty of spirit. Mrs. Hammerstein has some," and Oscar smiled grimly.

STARVED TO DEATH RATHER THAN BEG

Charles Serah, a tailor, thirty-seven years old, died to-day in St. Catherine's Hospital from starvation. He had refused to beg.

Serah was a widower. He was found with his nine-year-old son Henry, by tenants in the tenement at No. 38 Central avenue, where he occupied three rooms, in a pitiful condition. For several days neighbors had not seen either the father or the boy, and finally decided that something must be wrong. After knocking repeatedly on the door the boy, thin and pale, admitted them.

In the corner of the room on a bed lay Serah, rigidly contracted and dead. He was found on the floor of the room, and neighbors telephoned St. Catherine's Hospital immediately.

"Work was slack," said the dying man, "and I could get nothing to do. We had a few crusts of bread but I gave them away. I died."

Dr. Jennings, who took Serah to the hospital, endeavored to revive the father but he was beyond help. Little Henry Serah told a pitiful story.

"Papa begged me not to leave him until he felt better," he said, "I stayed by his side all the time. He would have died of lack of food that neighbors telephoned St. Catherine's Hospital immediately."

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AVOIDING DANGER, HE WAS KILLED

While Looking Ahead for Approaching Train Former Railroad Official Was Hit by Engine and His Neck Broken.

HE HAD JUST LEFT HOME.

William D. Hager, Who Had Been Purchasing Agent for Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railway, the Victim.

ORANGE, N. J., July 15.—WILLIAM D. Hager, formerly purchasing agent of the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad, was killed by a train at East Orange to-day. Mr. Hager lived on Washington street, East Orange. His wife and family are away for the summer, and he was living alone at his home.

He started out early to-day to walk to the Brick Church station of the Lackawanna road, and stopped on the track to look up the road to see if the train for New York then due was in sight. He was on the west-bound track, and had not noticed the approach of a fast west-bound express.

The engineer blew his whistle, but Mr. Hager was struck before he could get off the track. His skull was fractured, and his neck broken and he died almost instantly.

Mr. Hager was about sixty-five years old, and had been connected with the Lackawanna Railroad for thirty-five years.

He retired from the railroad business four years ago and since then had been connected with a manufacturing business in Brooklyn, N. Y.

BRIDGE IS UP TO ALDERMEN AGAIN

Board of Estimate Meets Rejection of Six Million Appropriation for Eye-Bar Structure by at Once Revoting That Sum.

That \$6,500,000 appropriation for Mr. Lindenthal's eye-bar-cable bridge has been again "put up" to the Aldermen.

The Board of Estimate and Apportionment to-day promptly met the demand of the Board of Aldermen by re-appropriating the sum named and sending the measure back to the Aldermen.

Comptroller Grout moved the resolution, which was adopted without comment. It now behooves the Board of Aldermen to act upon the matter promptly. Should they omit to do so the appropriation will stand.

Mayor Low was annoyed at the action of the Aldermen yesterday in defeating the measure, and the Comptroller's introduction of the matter again to-day is understood to be the result of a talk with the Mayor.

It is not regarded as likely that the Aldermen will be able to marshal the requisite forty votes to defeat.

Bridge Commissioner Lindenthal was not present at to-day's meeting.

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"Get the Habit." St. Swithin's Day



"St. Swithin's Day, if thou dost rain, For forty days it will remain. St. Swithin's Day, if thou be fair, For forty days 'twill rain no more."

When St. Swithin, Bishop of Winchester (852 to 862), died, he was buried, as he had requested, at Winchester. In the next century his remains were moved to the new Cathedral.

On July 15, the day set for the exhumation, heavy rains lasting for forty days set in, delaying the transfer of St. Swithin's body and giving rise to the popular legend. Some say that in this way the Saint expressed his disapproval of the proceedings, others that the showers were the tears of angels who wept because the Blessed Saint's remains were not allowed to rest in peace.

Cravenette Sole

is on to-day. Having purchased the entire surplus stock of a well-known New York and Philadelphia manufacturer, we're selling these useful and stylish lightweight rain-proof coats at the lowest prices ever asked for genuine "Cravenettes." This is a great money-saving opportunity for any man needing a raincoat—and what man does not need one?

Regular \$12.50 Raincoats, black and mixtures..... \$7.50
Regular \$15 Raincoats, grays and black..... \$10.00
\$18 Raincoats, tan, gray and black..... \$12.50
\$20 Raincoats, Oxford, tan and black..... \$15.00

Get the Habit. Go to

Brill Brothers.

279 B'way. FOUR 211 & 219 Sixth Av.
47 Cortlandt St. CONVENIENT STORES. 125th St., cor. 3d Av.

SLEEP FOR

Skin Tortured Babies Rest for Tired Mothers

Get "It's a" BED BUG POWDER

FOR 25 YEARS NEW ENGLAND'S FAVORITE UNION 7-20-4 CIGAR.

MADE IN U.S.A. N.Y. distributor, A. H. HUMAN Co., 34 Park row, N. Y. G. SULLIVAN, MANCHESTER, N. H.

DIED.

KEHOE—On Tuesday, July 14, MARGARET KEHOE, aged 36, beloved wife of Thomas Kehe, and mother of Parish Ballaghkehe, County Wexford, Ireland.

Funeral from her late residence, 127 Perry st., on Thursday, July 16, at 2 P. M. Interment in Calvary.

Laundry Wants—Female.

WANTED—At Eureka Laundry, 105 W. 88th st., a first-class family ironer; also plain ironer.

FAMILY IRONERS wanted: \$10 per week; steady position; come ready to work. Nassau Laundry, 67 Franklin ave., Brooklyn.

FIRST-CLASS SHIRT IRONER. Polkston Laundry, 187 Lexington ave.

WANTED—First-class ironer on Hagan machine; steady position and good pay. Metropolitan Laundry, 167 Division ave., Brooklyn.

WANTED—First-class neck and wrist band ironer; steady position and good pay. Metropolitan Laundry, 167 Division ave., Brooklyn.

WANTED—An experienced woman on Stampel washing. Langford's Steam Laundry, 112 E. 92d st.

FAMILY IRONER, first class; steady work; good pay. Laundry, 132 W. 20th st.

GIRL WANTED for plain laundry work. Just now, 34 Washington square South.

WANTED—First-class family ironer. Model Laundry, 27 West st., Brooklyn.

GIRL for marking, sorting and wrapping. Laundry, 125th st., 8th ave.

GIRL for marking, sorting and wrapping. Laundry, 238 Court st., Brooklyn.

GIRL about 16, willing to learn. Anchor Laundry, 231 7th ave., Brooklyn.

IRONER—Family ironer wanted; only one who speaks German need apply. Hand Laundry, 146-148 1st ave., Brooklyn.

IRONER—Woman to iron; family work. Steam Laundry, 449 W. 53d st.

LAUNDRESS—Good woman on washing machine; good wages. Westmeier Hotel, 16th st. and Irving place.

LAUNDRESS—Laundry woman, to body shirts and good family ironer. Laundry, 61 E. 8th, near Broadway.